"Them Was the Happy Days!"



By Clare Victor Dwiggins





Homeless Author of 'Home, Sweet Home

He Was Born in New York City Just 120 Years Ago To-Day

By Rev. Christian F. Reisner, D. D.

TE, Sweet Home" was written by a homeless, bachelor born in this city at No. 33 Pearl street, 120 years ago to-day. John Howard Payne, the author, was parentless at seventeen. At twenty the parents of his afflanced had made their daughter reject him because he was an actor. Ife acquisced; but like Irving. his friend, remained true to his love until death. At twenty-two he went to Fingland and roved about for years, many times hearing his song played and suag when he was penntiess and hungry. At forty-one he returned to America, bankgrupt, and was helped financially by public theatrical "benefita." For years he barely made a living as a newspaper man and as advocate for the chested Cherokee Indians.

Appointed Consul at Tunis, Spain, in 1842, he was so crushed by removal to years later that when restored in 1851 he lived but twelve months, dying attended by only two sisters of charity and a Mahometan man servant, and was buried obscurity by a Greek priest.

Thirty years afterward W. W. Corcoran heard the Marine Band play "Home

Sweet Home" on the return of rescued Arctic explorers and started the movemen to bring back the author's body, which was accomplished in 183. He was ther

What could such a man know of "sweet" home? He once wrote a friend who

Burely there is something strange in the fact that it should have been my let to cause so many people in the world to boast of the delights of home, when never had a home of my own, and never expect to have one, now."

Tradition says that the poem "Dulos Dumum" (sweet home), written by a student shut in jail as punishment for a prank during a vacation season, gave grandfather was a Jew expelled from Russia for political reasons and deprived of his vast property after the revolution for tory activities. Another

ancestor signed the Declaration of Independence, while another married President At ten Payne organized a military company, sided by the boy who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket." His father studied medicine under Samuel Warren of Bunker Hill fame, but gave it up. A friend then started an academy

at East Hampton, L. 1., where the nine children were sustained by the meagre salary earned by the father as principal. This failed and his father moved back to Boston to teach elecution. John was apprenticed in New York at thirteen, and secretly started a paper, The Thea-

plan. The remarkable ability exhibited attracted Mr. Coleman, the founder and owner of the Evening Post, who, though amazed at his brilliance, recognized his need of deeper training and paid his way in Union College at Schenectady (where a memorial gateway will be dedicated June 14).

He constantly quarrelled with his benefactor, but kept his popularity with the students and started another paper. But he left without graduating, on the

He then succeeded in getting his father's reluctant consent to go on the stage He appeared brilliantly in "Norval," at the Park Theatre, this city, when eighteen, at Drury Lane. London, at twenty. He ceased acting at twenty-three, falltranslated and adapted sixty plays. One, "Brutus," was played by Edmund Kean thirty-six consecutive times. At some period (fixed erroneously by one authority as 1823), while in Paris, blue and penniless, he wrote "Home." which was wrought into the play "Clari, the Maid of Milan," with music written by Sir Henry Bishop.

Ellen Tree sang the song and secured a rich husband as a result, while the re sold 100,000 copies in a few months. But Payne received from \$100 to \$1,000 (the reported amount varies), and soon had no money left. Money was unfriendly and always stayed a very short time with Mm. After

He then started solicitation for funds and subscriptions to start a select literary periodical. But on his travels he became interested in the cause of the Charoless Indians and, taking it up. fought for their interests until he succeeded in getting them a new "home" in the West. He then did newspaper work around Washington until, through the importunity of Daniel Webster, President Tyler

financially up-and-down career in England for eighteen years he returned, to be

In 1850, while egain out of a position, Jenny Lind introduced his "Home, Sweet Home" into one of her concerts before a great "official" audience in Washington, while he was present, which doubtless hastened his reappointment to Tunis. His song brought pligrims to his obscure grave, until memorials were erected

and fellow citizens interested President Arthur, a fellow alumnus of Union College, and brought his body to rest under a worthy shaft in Oak Hill Cemetery. New York, which is reputed to be without many real home conditions, may well proudly point to the fact that she gave America the author of our only

folk-lore song, which brings visions and fragrance whenever it is suggested: "Home, home, sweet, sweet home,

There's no place like home."

Just a Glimpse Into The New York Shops

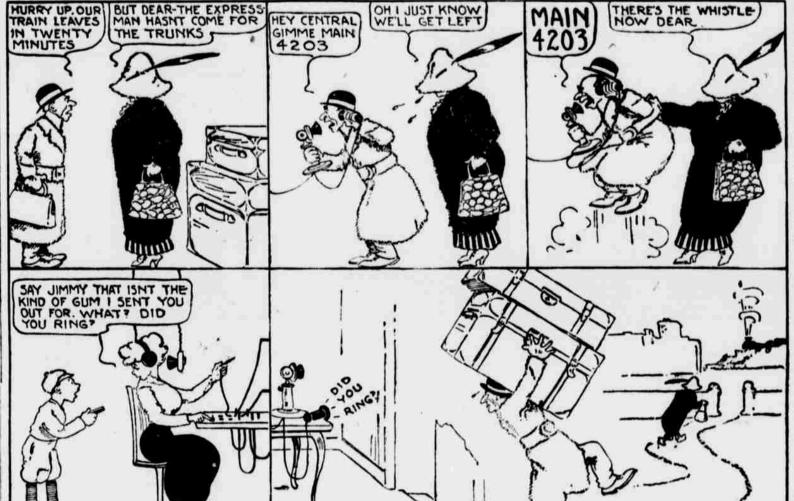
A trian slik finish. It has a tan divided into compartments very similar ground with stripes or plaids in to the old-time hand purses, and usually includes a mirror. A beauty in black

beautifully. New stamped linen lingerie

PRETTY gingham has the Aus-; shaped and frameless. The interior is

Did You Ring?

By C. L. Sherman



All the World's a Stage.

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World)

Mrs. Y. (testily)-dince when do we

dear. I beg your pardon. Mrs. Y. (suddenly)-daten!

didn't you, Sfarry? Mr. Y. (still thinking deeply)-Na;

Dorothy (faintly, from down the hall) Mrs. Y .- See! I know I heard her.

Mr. Y .- Yes, snooks. What do you want, babykins? Mr. Y. Caring down his hand)-Well. papa'll get you a drink right away, baby

Dorothy (shrilly)-Mamma, Pro very

Mrs. T. (slightly impatient)-You can't Mr. Y. (in disgust, gathering cards up

I'se shiverin', papa!
Mr. Y. (with rising anger)-Papa'll

Scene: The Tomgered's apartment.

Characters: Mr. Youngwed, Mrs. Youngwed, Mrs. Sengared Lic. Smith guarant.

Time: 0.30 7 M.

Time: 0.30 1 M.

have expressions of approval and dis-approval across the table?

Mrs. S. (startled)-What's the matter? Mrs. Y .- I thought I heard baby;

(Califng in) What is it, darling? Dorothy-What's you doln', mamma? Mrs. Y.—Playing cards, sweetheart. Now go to sleep, mamma's darling. Mr. S. (patiently)—Well, when you get ready to lead, Youngwed, send me a

Dorothy (piping up again)-Pa-pa,

be cold. Dorothy. You've got two blank-ets and a quilt on. Now go to sleep or mamma'll close the door.

Description:

All I. (in disgust, gathering cards up from table)—And here's a nice deck of cards for baby to play with. (Saroasti-

By Alma Woodward.

the hall)-Now, Dorothy, this is the last time father will speak to you. If there's another sound out of you father will whip you hard. Dorothy (not at all bluffed) Oh ob-

heavily portentous step and slams the door of Dorothy's room, whereupon Dorothy proceeds to raise her voice in ostentations protest. Mr. Y. (reseating himself)-Now let's

(Dorothy's sobs become tense, verging on hysterical.) Mrs. Y. (anxiously)-She'll make herself ill, Harry; she siways does whon

see, where did we leave off?

she cries like that. Mr. Y. (sternly)-Let her (More gurgles, choking and gasps from

Mrs. S. (jumping up in alarm)-Really. I think this is cruel, Mr. Youngwed. The

child is going into hysterics.

Mr. S. Coutting in reprovingly)-If you don't go and get that child, Younge I will!

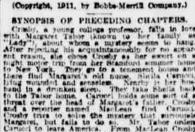
(Dorothy, wrapped in pink blankets, is brought into the room and deposited on a couch. In spite of her vocal gymna-Mrs. Y .-- Here. sweetheart; here's a

Mrs. S. (tenderly)—And here's Aunty Smith's nice bracelet for Dotty to play Mr. S. (not to be outdone)-And here's

Unkle Smith's nice gold tick-tick for Dotty to listen to.

Dorothy (very dramatically)-Pa-pa, it's up to us to play ring-around-a-

The Professor's Mystery



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Grosby, a young college professor, falls in love the Margaret Tabor thrown to her family as Lady", about whom a mystery seems to hang free rejecting his acquaintaneoship for no argaret reason, she chose Crosby as her except on a given more truly from her Standord summer home. New York, They go to a tenement home and users find Margaret's old numes, Sinich Carnet, ling wounded and senseless. Nearby is her his and in a dranken siene. They this Shella back it he Tabor home. Carnet holds some sort of a treat over the head of Margaret's faller. Crosby and a returner named ManLean first Carnott, roady trus to salve the mystery that survointies lengues, but fails to do so. Mr. Islor orders and the same of the mystery that survointies lengues, but fails to do so. Mr. Islor orders married to the Reid, her to be be designed to the mystery that survointies americal to the Reid, her to be be designed to the mystery. The married to the Reid, her to be so southalking anneas. There a "spirit" called Miriam suprears and sake for "mother." Miriam is the name of lead's deceased wife. Grosby finds that Mr. alors before herself to be in agritual communication with her dead daugiter and that the rest of Crosby are in New York trustless can had not be sirest, the sight of whom fills or with horror. Crosby learns that this man is transparent and the sirest, the sight of whom fills or with horror. Crosby learns that this man is transpared.

CHAPTER XXII.

I Learn What I Have to Do. HY, yes," answered Lady, in facts in distant history—"Miriam married Walter when she came back from studying abroad. She only lived about a year. They had a little girl, you know, that lived not more than an hour. I think if she had lived than an hour. I think if she had lived distant would have lived too. But it was too runch for her to bear. She died three days after her baby died."

The unshed teams were failing now. Lady had some very white again.

and you are spoiling it all.

"Don't you love me." I persisted.
Lady raised her eyes sadly.

"There can be no such thing for you and me. I have told you why."

continued.)

HY, yes," answered Lady, in the same disinterested tone, as if she were telling dry facts in distant history—"Mirror same married Walter when she in the same disinterested tone, as married Walter when she in the same distinct the same disinterested tone, as married Walter when she in the same distinct the same in the same in the same same in the same was that in the same in the same in the same in the same was the same in the same in

ground with stripes or plaids in color. It is an imported fabric and sells includes a mirror. A beauty in black at 6 cents a yard.

The unshed tears were falling now, falling quietty in the mere physical results in the mere physical includes a mirror. A beauty in black moire is \$14.50. In feather they are \$36.50.

The unshed tears were falling now, falling quietty in the mere physical results in the mere physical resul

dear, you must see. I love you. That slient.

"You see, it is no question of the fruth." She went on at last, in that they come the structure of the structure

Can YOU Answer These Questions? Are You a New Yorker? Then What Do You Know About Your Own City?

Courright, 1811, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). HIRE is another set of five New York questions.

Perhaps you can answer all of them. Perhaps not But, as a good New Yorker, you will be interested in the information about your home city.

136. What European King once taught school in New York? 187. What New Yorker gave George Washington the title "Father of

By Wells Hastings

And Brian Hooker

"Don't you love me" I permissed.
Lady raised her eyes adily.
"There can be no such thing for Mular: that is why I keep her wedding ring." She touched the chain that hung and me. I have told you why."

"What have you teld me?"

"What have you teld me?"

"The told you that even if I didcare for you—that I could not let myself care—that I can only see you even, when you treat me as a friend, and only as a friend."

"You told me ones, I remember, that there was some one else. I think now that you were mistaken. There neither is now can be any one else."

"But there is." The words were acarely audible, and her eyes were acarely audible, and he gate and walk jerkity toward the garage in the rear. Here was one thing to be in the rear. Here was one thing to be done at least, and I might as well attend to it while I was on the ground. His springy step was on the stairs as I entered the building after him, and I overtook him at the top, shuffling from one foot to the other before an oalen door, while he hunted through his pockets for the key. He turned sharply at the sound of my coming. "What are you doing here?" was his greeting.

greeting. "Reid," said I, "I have to say to you that I regret forcing that matter on you the other night; and if you'll give me a little time, I want to tell you why. It will end in our pulling more or less together, instead of fighting each other." His face set for an instant, wen he hade up his mind. "Very well. I'm made up his mind. "Very well. I'm free for a while. Come in. No occasion perhaps for an apology; spoke too hastly myself. No sense in being emotional." He threw open the door and stepped back. "My digestion wasn't

metal, also enameled to represent li-ing; and the celling was of corrugated metal, also enameled white. Two large windows in front, and one on other side, wide open behind wire screens, and uncurrained, let in a flood of light and air which somehow in entering seemed to exchange its outdoo

f a laboratory. Hetween the front windows a large cines topped table bore a microscope and microtome covered by glass bells. Bunsen surner, and a most orderly direction of bottles and test-tubes, n one side of this was a porcelain drsk, and on the other a heavy oak lesk with a telephone and every uten-dil in place. Steel sectional bookcases along the wills displayed rows of techinal books and greaming instruments.

In one corner stood an fron bed, with strip of green grass matting before, and in the other a pair of Indian lubs and a set of chest-weights flanked an anthropometric scale. The only decorations were a large print of Sambrand's Anatomy, two or three surprishnsy good nudes and a few clarics. French medical caricatures.

And everything possible about the pom was covered with glass tables, cock. bookcases, the shelves above the sink and the very windowsills. If ever a room did so this one declared the character of its inhabitant; and looking upon its comfortless convenience I caught myself wondering how any normal woman could endure marriage with

Then as Reld issued from his bath glowing and alert with vivil energy and contaglously alive, the idea scemed not inconceivable after all.

not inconceivable after all.

"Pretty comfortable place, ch?" he burst forth. "Pine, Pine, All my own idea. Fitted it up according to my own notion. Everything I need right here, nothing uscess, plenty of light and ventilation. Have a cigarette? I don't smoke often myself, but I heep 'em at hand. Hest form to take tobacco, if you don't inhale. Popular idea all rot." I lit one and settled back. "Tye tue. I lit one and settled back. "Twe just asked Lady to marry me," I said, as quietly as I could. She says that the only reason she won't is her mether. And I understand why."